

Katharine Ogie's GARLAND,

Composed of many curious

NEW SONGS.

- I. The handsome Country Maid; or, a Song in Praise of Katharine Ogie,
- II. The Answer to Katharine Ogie.
- III. The Difficult Maid.
- IV. De'll take the Wars.
- V. The happy Damsel.



Licenced and entered according to Order.



KATHARINE OGIE'S GARLAND.



The handsome Maid; or, a Song in Praise of Katharine Ogie.

AS I went forth to view the Plain
 Upon a Morning early,
 With *My's* sweet Scent to clear my Brain,
 And Flowers that grow so rarely;
 I chanc'd to meet a Maid so sweet,
 She shipp'd, tho' it was foggie,
 I ask'd her Name, she answer'd me,
 That her Name was *Katharine Ogie*.

I paus'd a while and did admire,
 To see a Nymph so stately,
 So brisk an Air for to appear
 In a Country Lass so neatly;
 With Nature's Beauty all arrayed
 Like a Lillie in a Bogie;
Diana, herself was ne'er compar'd,
 To this same *Katharine Ogie*.

You Female Sex of beauteous Kind,
 Who see and do despise thee,
 Tho' thou be cloth'd in robes so mean
 Yet than wi not dispraise thee;
 Thy Meisfure as thine Eyes do look,
 Is above any clownish Rogie;
 Thou art a Match for Lord or Duke,
 My bonny *Katharine Ogie*.

I wish I was some Shepherd's Swain,
 To Feed my Flocks beside thee,
 To bring them Home in Broughting Time,
 For Milking to make ready:
 More rich and happy should I be,
 In my Kirt, my Club, and Dogie,
 Than he that has his Thousands three,
 Even in my *Katharine Ogie*.

I would envy no imperial Crowns,
 Nor Statesman's dangerous Stations,
 I'd fear no Statesman's Threats nor Frowns,
 And Smile at conquering Nations;
 Might I possess, kiss and caress
 The Lads of whom I vogue,
 I must count them Toys, I must confess
 Compar'd to *Katharine Ogie*.

But that the Gods have not ordain'd,
 For me so fair a Creature,
 Whose lovely Face makes her esteem'd,
 The Miracle of Nature:
 Clouds of Dispair surround me close,
 That are both black and foggie;
 Pity my Case, ye Gods, or else
 I'll die for *Katharine Ogie*.



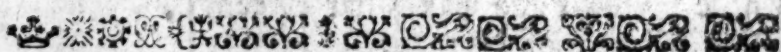
The Answer to Katharine Ogie.

ONCE my dear *Galie* was I lov'd,
 A thousand Ways she had me,
 What Heart could wish, I oft possess'd,
 No Favours were deny'd me; But

But *Damons* his Voice employ thus,
 And *Strephon* she despises,
 What I have lost that Youth enjoys,
 And by my Fall ne rises.

Ah! Maid beware, lest you too late,
 Repent the Choice you love now,
 The Youth at length may chance to hate,
 Like you unconstant prove too.
 Like you be learn'd to scorn his Vow,
 And how can you upbraid him?
 Since you alone by him was lov'd
 And you alone betray'd him.

But hang this whining, Childish Way,
 My Heart shall be my own, Maid,
 With jolly Boys I'll spend the Day.
 At Night lie chearfull down, Maid:
 The powerful Glass shall give me Ease,
 Or else I'll tell you what, Maid,
 Fair *Sylvia*, for half a Piece,
 Can do the Feat as well, Maid.



The Difficult Maid.

COME hither my own true Love,
 And sit thee down by me,
 And I will let you know,
 I am come to try thee;
 If you can fancy a Lad,
 That's brisk and lively,
 I will make your Hearts full glad,
 Come sit thee down by me.

You

You have a rolling Eye,
 Your Waist is slender,
 You are fair all in the Face,
 And your Lips are tender:
 You have ensnar'd my Heart,
 And caus'd me to love you;
 Till Death I ne'er will part,
 So let pity move you.

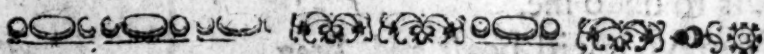
Love blow not the Candle out,
 I do forewarn you,
 And get you gone about
 What does concern you,
 I know your base Intent,
 Is to undo me,
 Then you will boast and brag,
 What you've done to me.

I will give you no Room,
 To boast nor lie. Sir;
 Before you have my Heart,
 I'll know for why, Sir:
 It's not your flattering Tongue,
 That runs so nimble,
 Nor *Cupid's* quivering Dart,
 Shall e'er make me tremble.

You say when Maids grow old,
 They are forsaken,
 They whine and pine about,
 But you'er mistaken: I am

I am for a single Life,
No Man shall undo me,
Since I am no Man's Wife,
No body shall curb me.

My Love is dead and gone,
I must go seek a new one,
I have no great Cause to complain,
He was not such a true one,
I'll keep my Chastity,
And I'll preserve it,
If I'd been ruled by him,
How I had been served.



De'll take the W'ars.

DE'il take the Wars that hurry'd *Willy* from me,
 Who to love me just had sworn;
 They made him Captain sure to undo me,
 Woe's me! he'll ne'er return:
 A thousand Loons abroad will fight him,
 He from Thousands ne'er would run:
 Day and Night I did invire him,
 To stay at Home from Sword and Gun,
 I us'd alluring Graces,
 With muckle kind Embraces,
 Now fighting, then crying, Tears dropping full;
 And had he my soft Arms,
 Prefer'd to War's Alarms,
 My Love grows mad,
 My Mind oppress'd and sad,
 I fear in my Fit I granted all.
 Last at our parting, how my Hand he squeez'd,
 And gave to me a gentle Kiss,

And spoke so kind, in Troth I was well pleased,
For I found all Joy in this;

Then I did beg of him to quit his Commission,
Lest he never return again,

And then how wretched would be my Condition
If *Willy* in the Wars was slain,

I fighting oft did tell him,

What Dangers might befall him,

In Battle Guns rattle, Thousand likewise fall;

And if my Love should die,

What would become of me?

Who here must stay,

Lamenting every Day,

And if *Willy's* kill'd, then adieu to all.

How happy's she whose Love is not for fighting,

Nor in the Wars obliged to be?

But for to stay with her he takes Delight in,

If mine did so, then happy me:

But my Love runs through many Dangers,

All for Honour, that empty Name,

Oh! had he to the wars been but a Stranger,

Then my Arms he'd ne'er refrain.

Tho' I had Store of Beauty,

Still he cry'd, 'twas his Duty,

To hasten to *Flanders* and must be gone:

But had he sweet Repose,

Prefer'd to bloody Blows,

He ne'er would fly,

To *Flanders* for to die,

And thus to let me lig alone.

I wash'd and patch'd to make me look provoking,;

Snares that they told me would catch the Man;

And on my Head a huge Commode sat cocking,

Which made me show as tall again:

For a New Gown too I paid muckle Money,

Which with Golden Flowers did shine,

My Love might well think me gay and bonny,

No Scots Lass was ever so fine:

My

My Petticoat I spotted,
 Fringe too with Thread I knotted,
 Lace Shoes, Silken Hose, garter'd over the Knee;
 But oh! the fatal Thought,
 To Willy these was nought,
 Who rid to Towns,
 And rifled with Dragoons,
 When he, silly Loon, might have plundered me.

The happy Damsel.

HOW happy a State does the Damsel possess,
 Who would be no greater nor can be no less.
 On her wheel, and her Work she depends for Support,
 Which is better than the prim Madams at Court.

What tho' she in Grograms and Linseys does go,
 Nor boast of gay Cloathing to make a fine Show:
 A Girl in this Dress may be sweeter by far,
 Than she that's procured a Garter and Star.

Tho' her Hands are red, and Bubbies are coarse,
 Her Mind for all that may be never the worse:
 A Girl more polite with less Vigour may play,
 And their Passions in Accents less charming convey.

What tho' a brisk Husband sometimes she may lack;
 When warm with Desire, and wishes for that,
 In this too Example great Ladies afford,
 Who oft puts a Footman instead of a Lord.

What tho' she endeavour new Conquests to make,
 In this too she mimicks the Tools of the State;
 Whose Aim is alone to get a good Stroke,
 While all her Concern is her Spouse for to joke.

Then when Sport is over, and Nature quite dry,
 She weary with Labour contented does lie:
 Then awakes in the Morning so fresh and so keen,
 If so happy a Rustick then who'd be a Queen;